On His Knees

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On His Knees

by EmeraldTrident

Summary

Le Chiffre has a meeting on a yacht with some colleagues. Will Graham, his kept boyfriend keeps his cock nice and warm during the meeting.

Notes

This is probably the filthiest fic of this couple I've written so far....

See the end of the work for more notes

“You know better than to embarrass me in front of my colleagues, hmm?” Le Chiffre whispered into Will’s ear on their way onto the yacht, the rickety pier waning under their feet as they strode. It was pitch black outside and the only light came from the yacht itself, the bright lights inside the vessel shown through the windows, paired with the lanterns on the upmost deck, the yacht was a globe of luminosity on an ink-black sea. Le Chiffre was holding Will firmly by the waist and talking into his love’s ear, his breath tickling Will’s lobe. “Are you going to be a good boy and do just what I say?”

Will nodded leaning further into Le Chiffre, using him for balance. “Yes, Daddy.”

Le Chiffre left a kiss on Will’s neck and another behind his ear. “Good. I shouldn’t have to worry. You’re always so well behaved.”

He walked his kept boy into the vast den area of the yacht, complete with a bar, a full kitchen, a set of couches, a poker table, and the walls were adorned with many expensive paintings. Every surface was littered with sculptures and glasses of various alcohols. There was a hot tub in the corner with a few scantily-clad women. At least ten other men were there all lounging and relaxing or playing ping pong in the corner, Will only recognized three of them. One of the men was Le Chiffre’s close colleague and the two others served as their security. Will knew what Le Chiffre did for a living but his knowledge was limited. Le Chiffre had once told him he was keeping certain details from Will for his protection and Will had accepted that, he never asked another question.

Le Chiffre led he and Will over to the big clay-brown colored chair in the corner and took a seat, gripping Will’s hips making him stand in front of him. Will was dressed in a suit similar to Le Chiffre’s but what he wore underneath the multi-thousand dollar suit was much different. A few men gathered to sit on the opposite couches, Le Chiffre had arrived therefore the meeting would soon begin.

“Undress,” Le Chiffre said, his hands running up and down Will’s sides. “Show them all how pretty you are. Like always. We love making them jealous, don’t we?”

Will nodded, quickly obeying his Daddy’s words who was lounged back against the chair staring up, drinking in Will’s body. The men around either continued their conversations or stared as Will undressed continuing to face the man who owned him. Underneath the all-black suit Will was wearing a white garter-belt, white silk panties, knee high tights that connected to the lace garter and a thin, sheer, and flimsy snow colored bra, his nipples pressing against the cloth and fully visible through the fabric.

Once he was undressed of his formal clothes Will knew the next step all too well, dropping to his knees and resting his cheek against Le Chiffre’s thigh over his black slacks, waiting for the next instruction. “You look so pretty, baby,” he cooed, petting Will’s curls. “I hadn’t seen this outfit yet. All white. So pure. We both know that’s a farce don’t we?”

Will nodded, his cheek rubbing Le Chiffre’s leg. Le Chiffre scoffed and smiled. “They’re all staring at you. Like always. So jealous of me, that you belong to me and not them. You enjoy

that too don't you? Flaunting your pretty body and making them all lust for you. It excites you, doesn't it."

Will nodded again. "Yes," he whimpered.

"Pull your pretty panties to the side, let them see your plug."

Will reached behind himself to tug the silk to one side of his plug, showing off the glistening diamond on the end. Le Chiffre chuckled. "You love showing that off don't you? Love showing how rich your Daddy is. What he can afford. What he loves to spoil his baby with."

"It's my favorite thing, Daddy," Will whined, moving his face so he could look up at Le Chiffre. He could feel the eyes on him from behind, boring their gazes into his skin, Will could almost hear their lustful thoughts, positive they were all thinking about taking his plug out and sliding into him. But that was out of the question. Daddy didn't share. He only liked teasing other people with what was his.

"Okay, Honey, Daddy has some work to do. Some things to discuss. Be a good boy and keep me warm," Le Chiffre said, fishing his cock from his briefs and pants and beckoning Will forward.

Will moved closer, continuing to rest his cheek against Le Chiffre's thigh, his mouth wide open as Daddy fed his half hard cock to him. "You know the rules," Le Chiffre said, gripping the back of Will's neck. "No sucking. Only keeping my cock nice and warm like a good boy does. Understood? Hmm?" Will didn't move his head to nod but only looked up at him, his eyes already watering from the ache of his jaw but full of gratitude. It was a great honor to do this for his Daddy. He was loving every moment of it.

Le Chiffre grinned before looking up his colleagues and beginning the meeting like nothing was out of the ordinary. They talked for twenty-minutes, discussing their newest clients and destinations while Le Chiffre pet Will's curls lackadaisically, not paying him any mind but using him for that one purpose. Every now and then one of Le Chiffre's colleagues' eyes would break from focus and travel to Will's body, to the diamond snug in between Will's plump cheeks, his curves accentuated by the garter, the elastic holding up his knee-highs dug into his thick thighs. Le Chiffre noticed their wandering eyes but never brought it up, allowing them to stare but continuing to ignore the pretty boy on his knees. He was serving his purpose.

A small puddle of Will's drool had accumulated on Le Chiffre's pants and Will began to make tiny little whimpering sounds from the ache in his jaw and that was when Le Chiffre decided that was enough. He didn't want his love in pain.

"Okay, honey, you can stop," he whispered. "C'mere, let's give that mouth a break." He beckoned Will into his arms. Will sat on Le Chiffre's lap sideways and clutched to his shoulders, hiding his face in Le Chiffre's neck as his Daddy tugged his plug out, quickly replacing it with two of his fingers. He pumped his fingers in and out while continuing with business as usual, speaking to his friends until Will's breath got deeper and he began to tremble. "Are you going to come in your pretty panties without me touching you? Hmm?" He kissed Will's shoulder and added a third finger. Will wrapped his hand behind Le Chiffre's

neck and squeezed at the flesh there, scratching him with his nails as he came with a whine, making the inside of his white silk panties sticky. “That’s it,” Le Chiffre cooed, milking Will’s orgasm with his fingers pressing in and jiggling just slightly. “So sensitive for your Daddy…”

All the men around the room continued to stare, seething with jealousy but knowing to never say a thing or try to bribe Le Chiffre for a go with Will. He would kill any of them if they ever even made such a proposition.

Le Chiffre nudged Will’s head to join their lips. As they kissed Le Chiffre removed his fingers and pressed his diamond plug, his wedding ring, back into his hole still sloppy with lube. “Perfect boy,” he whispered against Will’s trembling lips. “Now get back on your knees and finish what you started.”

Will clambered off Le Chiffre’s lap and went back to his rightful place of being on his knees. He brought Le Chiffre into his mouth again but began to suck and lave bringing him to full hardness. Le Chiffre didn’t address his colleagues this time, barely able to form words when he was so lost in Will’s tongue tricks. He watched Will work, their eyes meeting several times, each time driving Le Chiffre closer to the edge. He gripped hard on the back of Will’s neck bucking forward and grunting, panting deeply.

“Stand up,” he commanded.

Will allowed the cock to fall from his mouth and stood. Le Chiffre yanked Will closer by the small of his back. His hand met the front band of Will’s silk panties and tugged it forward, placing half of his cock into the fabric continuing to stroke himself, groaning and whining until his head was pressing firmly back against the chair as he came, bathing Will’s already sticky cock and panties in his own come. Will stood and allowed it, Daddy had never come in his panties before, he throbbed heavily himself at the sight of his cock drenched in his own and now his Daddy’s release.

Le Chiffre allowed the panties to snap back into place and opened his arms for Will to join him again on the chair. Will curled back up onto his lap, the feeling of the wetness a bit uncomfortable but soothing in a way. “You’re to wear those the rest of the night,” Le Chiffre said, ghosting the tip of his fingers along Will’s drenched and messy panties.

Will nodded. “Yes, Daddy.” Anything for him.

End Notes

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